The Columbus Commercial
COLUMBUS, MISS.
WEEKLY EDITION.

A CONFIDENTIAL QUERY.

Did you never buy a gold brick? Honest?
Cross you heart?
Was you ever "up against it" with no
friend to take your part?
Oh, you joke about the farmer with his
whiskers an' his way
Of lettin' people do him up because he's
such a jay,
But was you never vanquished by some fel-
low critter's art?
Did you never buy a gold brick? Honest?
Cross your heart?

Did you never give your money to some man
that put on airs,
An' find that all he left you was certificates
of shares?
Did you never place your hopes upon some
promise very dear,
An' watch yer hopes all vanish as you
waited, year by year?
Did your folly never lead you up to dis-
appointments smart?
Did you never buy a gold brick? Honest?
Cross your heart?
—Washington Star.

A FIRE-ROOM WOOING

By JOHN FLEMING WILSON.

JOHN FORBES, chief fireman of the steamship Emperor, had a reputation on the Pacific for making a ton of coal go almost as far as owners demand that a ton should. With this reputation back of him, he took frequent occasion to talk confidentially to his fire room crews on stoking as an art. In one of these lectures he most unexpectedly descended from principles to example. "I tell ye," he was saying, "so long as we are in an American line, and they don't save in wages to Chinamen what they lose in extra coal from unskillful handling, it pays to have a head on your shoulders. When the Emperor's watches wear pigtails and answer to numbers instead of names, then leave the headwork to the engineers. But in my private opinion—and I've handled a shovel 20 years—a man like Lyle is money to owners at four times a heathen's wage."

Edward Lyle looked gratefully at his chief, and a slow flush mounted under the soot on his cheeks. It was very sweet to be held up as an example by her father; he even (somewhat self-consciously) felt that Ann Forbes was a little closer, that she had approved of him. To tell the truth, the young man had never seen Ann Forbes in the flesh.

Months ago, when he had joined the Emperor in San Francisco, the chief engineer had tried his strength, his endurance and his temper; approved them, and afterward taken the clean-mouthed youth into his confidence. That confidence consisted in unpublished opinions on every engineer in the "line;" in forcible deductions about life as exposed in the writings of Bulwer—"The Caxtons" was his favorite—and lastly, in talking about his daughter, Ann.

Many a night the burly Forbes and his heavy-limbed subordinate leaned over the bars around the forehatch, and spoke to each other of her. If the elder were satisfied with the youngster's attitude, he took him quietly to his little cabin and let him look at the picture of her on the bulkhead. These were moments unforgetable and utterly delightful to Lyle. He dimly felt, as he gazed on that picture standing out so purely and cleanly amid the murk of the room, that in some way she was drawing him nearer to herself. The sordid means of his livelihood grew more honorable in his own eyes in that it was also a way, indirectly, to her. In these moments he was even jealous of her father's speech. That hoarse words should play with her name or describe her life seemed inharmonious, and the very fact that they were proud and loving words offended him.

In a most timid and reverent fashion he attempted to show himself worthy of her. He worked steadily; he saved every cent of his wages; and, when in port, he took a delight in letting the chief fireman know where he spent his time.

To his disappointment, Forbes took everything in a matter-of-fact way. He praised his work sparingly, nodded his head kindly when he displayed his savings, and simply took it for granted that he behaved himself ashore. Then, very gradually, it dawned on Lyle that the father never gave him any share in this sentiment about his daughter apart from that of a mere listener. He saw, indistinctly, in his somewhat clumsy mind, that Forbes had never incorporated into his conversation about her any of his youthful suggestions, and he also felt that his own conception was a little finer and more truthful than the father's. Why, otherwise, did John Forbes say that Ann was mighty chilly to young men—that she was too steady to ever fancy a man that wasn't grown up and sensible? Lyle knew that this was perverse, and its painful inadequacy as a generalization of her wounded him. How sure he was that those veiled eyes could burn into utter expression! And he felt that the fire to kindle them must lie in the heart of a young man.

These feelings developed into strong emotion at times, and the more rapidly when he tried to bring his fancy down to concrete details. "What sort of a hat does she wear?" he asked Forbes, one evening.

"Hat! I reekon a cap's more likely her headgear. Maybe she does wear a hat."

"How does she do her hair?" Lyle went on, with some diffidence.

Forbes looked at him blankly. To the young man's senses there was an implied rebuke, a hint that he was prying into the secrets of a modest girl. But this notion fled when the answer came with futile poverty of suggestion: "Why, I suppose like all women do. They all do it the same way."

And so their conversation ran, the elder harping on his proud memories of fatherhood, the impatient lover trying to build up for himself a shrine in which to worship his first love. Naturally, it was only here and there that their thoughts met; and just when the lover caught a fair glimpse of her, the clumsy words of an un-understanding, generalized paternity blotted out the image.

Little prone as Lyle was to mental or emotional activity, he steadily progressed to a state where certainty was the one cry of his heart. To look at the picture on the bulkhead was good. To have that picture above his own bunk was infinitely preferable. To hear about her was a delight. But to speak with knowledge and the full sense of possession was heavenly.

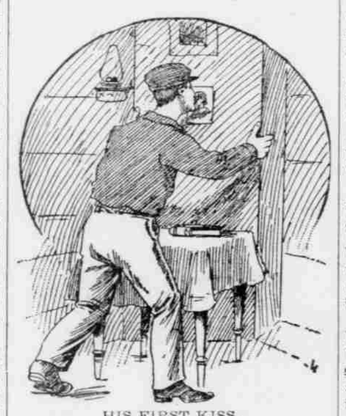
So, one night, after a long, uneasily meditative communion with the moon and the dark sea, Edward Lyle sought the chief fireman. "Mr. Forbes," he commenced, awkwardly, "ye know what—what—an interest I take in Her."

The father nodded kindly, and he went on: "Well, sir, I'm getting pretty well fixed—you've said yourself I was a good fireman—and I want to marry."

Forbes looked at him with a glint of understanding in his eyes, but made no response. The young man took off his greasy cap and crushed it in his hands. "What I want, sir," he said, quietly, "is to marry her."

There was no answer, and he added, as though it might be taken for granted: "I love her."

He waited a long time, but Forbes made no reply, even by a gesture. Around them were all the rough sounds



HIS FIRST KISS.

of the main deck, the stamping of cattle forward, the rattle of the cook's pots and pans, the pervasive tones of careless men. From the next cabin came a harsh laugh and an oath. Lyle dared not look at the photograph for fear he should make Her conscious of the unworthy surroundings. So he went out, unanswered.

The next few days the two men did not talk beyond what was ordinary and necessary. Yet Lyle frequently felt the elder man's gaze measuring him, and he squared himself to his work—for her sake. Whether he was wretched or not, it did not occur to him to ask. All he was distinctly conscious of was a vast, unsatisfied love, a love so sure of itself and so limitless that it included in itself a return.

They neared San Francisco, and Forbes' insistence upon economy in coal became almost unbearable. It was always so when they drew near to their home port, but this time he seemed to be unjust—a sin never before imputed to this chief fireman. However, amid all his cross words and angry scoldings, he said nothing to Lyle, who, indeed, labored as he had never done before.

One evening (they expected to reach San Francisco the next day) Edward Lyle went wearily to his bunk in the starboard alleyway. Usually he dropped around to see Forbes, but he did not feel equal to it now, though he was hungry to talk of Her.

His bunk was dark, and he fumbled under the mattress for matches. When he found the box he struck a light and lit the little bracket on the bulkhead. As it burned up his eye caught a new thing. He looked again, long and earnestly. Then he blew out the lamp and pressed his face blindly against the bulkhead. On his searching lips he felt two flaming, loving, quivering woman's lips, and the young fireman gave and took his first kiss.

But it was simply a photograph awkwardly pinned there by John Forbes.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A QUIP ON QUARLES.

He Tried to Hide Behind a Big Student, But His Ears Betrayed Him.

Mr. Jerome C. Knowlton, professor of law in the University of Michigan, is so popularly known as "the freshman's friend," and is famed among the student body for the fund of anecdotes which he has at his disposal. The following is one with which he recently regaled his class in criminal law, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post:

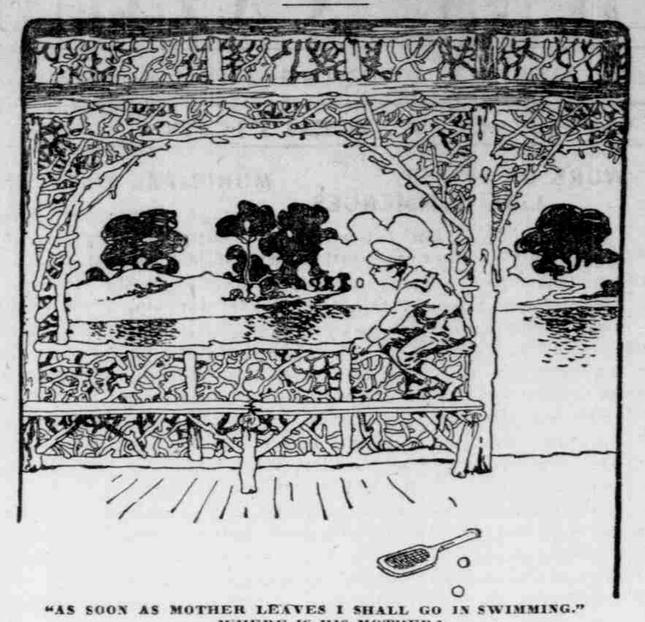
United States Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, was at one time a student in Michigan university. One morning Quarles went to his class in chemistry with the lesson for the day unprepared.

Instead of calling the students from the roll, the good old chemistry professor went up one row and down another, calling upon the students to recite in the order in which they were seated. Quarles, hoping that his presence would not be observed by the professor, and that thus his failure to prepare the lesson would escape unnoticed, took a seat on the back row directly behind a student of massive frame.

When the professor came to the last row, where Quarles was sitting, the future senator leaned as far back as he could and crouched down behind the big student in front. But the best-laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley, and the ruse of Quarles proved unsuccessful. The crouching student was not passed by unnoticed, and the class was electrified to hear the shrill, high-pitched voice of the professor exclaim: "Quarles! Quarles, your ears are too long!"

A railroad engine may roughly be said to be equal in strength to 900 horses.

PUZZLE PICTURE.



"AS SOON AS MOTHER LEAVES I SHALL GO IN SWIMMING." WHERE IS HIS MOTHER?

THE WALL-EYED PIKE.

It Is a King on the Table, But in the Water It Is a Veritable Churl.

A king on the table and a churl in the water is the wall-eyed pike, though why so noble a fish in flesh should be so unworthy of respect in freedom no man can say, says the New York Sun.

The pike has appetite and sufficient courage to pursue smaller fishes. It has great strength and is swift. It is formidably armed and safe from attack once it has attained a good size. It inhabits cold, deep water, which should give it a disposition to resist capture.

Bass or muskallonge taken from the same lake or stream will fight until the angler's wrist aches and his temper is wrecked, but the wall-eye, once it has surged hungrily at the lure and the barb has been driven in deeply, apparently cares nothing about its future and is willing to go wherever the line directs. Its utter lack of pugnacity makes it despised by fishermen, otherwise its size, beauty and delicateness would make it a prize worthy of any rod.

The wall-eyed pike, so-called from its round, staring eyes, set far up in its shovel head, will eat when hungry anything that it can bite and it is generally hungry. It is active enough in pursuit of prey, but is otherwise disinclined to exertion.

It is never seen rushing hither and yon, or leaping from the water in pure joy of motion. It does not travel far, but selects in youth some part of the lake and sticks to it summer and winter unless driven elsewhere by lack of food. Traveling means work, and it dislikes to move.

For this reason a pike which has been hooked and not landed, or has been merely grazed by the barb, may generally be taken in the same place at the same time on the day after. If it has been hooked and not landed, the escape is due generally to some accident, not to any effort of its own. The line may become entangled, or cut on a rock, or the hook hold may be slight.

The fish has one characteristic not shared by any other: Often when it is struck and the angler reels in he will find the line come easily and slackly, as if there were nothing on it. The pike in reality is swimming toward him as if anxious to surrender and have done with the matter.

It may make a slight flurry when within a yard of the boat, but most often it will only half turn, putting just a little of its weight on the line, then submit to being lifted by the dipnet with scarce a waggle of its broad tail. Its long face has a sort of vacuous grin, as if to say that it would as soon be in the boat as in the water and had no choice at all between baking and frying.

Of resistance, as the trout or bass or salmon understands it, the pike knows nothing. Sometimes its temper is bitterly aroused by the sting of the hook and drag of the line and then it goes to the bottom and lies there sulkily. It pulls its head down as often as it is lifted up and opposes its dead heft to the reel.

Often it may be seen lying there with its fins spread out and its flukes motionless, its great lidless eyes staring upward through the clear water, just doing nothing at all. At such times, after the angler has tried to dislodge it by tightening tthe line and giving it the butt and so forth, he will reach into his pocket, take out his knife and tap the rod sharply with it.

This sends a jar down the line extremely disagreeable to the fish, and it will come up.

The wall-eye may weigh two pounds or 12, but its cowardice and laziness are the same at all ages. Anglers when they take it, although they realize that its capture is of no credit, do not throw it back for two reasons: First, they do not want it to bother them, or a brother angler, again, and, second, it is mighty good to eat, being in flavor and firmness superior to any other large freshwater fish.

INSULTING A SULTAN.

Narrow Escape of the Offender, Which Proved to Be a Talkative Parrot.

I see it announced in the press that the sultan of Lahej is expected to be one of the distinguished guests at the coronation. I remember once, says a writer in the London Pall Mall Gazette, when I was staying at a hotel in Aden, seeing him come in with a large cavalcade of warriors, wearing gorgeous raiment and exhibiting swords and staves, on his way to pay his respects to the general. Just as his procession reached my hotel a loud, impertinent voice resounded from within, repeating over and over again the word "Abaos!" which in Somali is the rudest expression in that very rich vocabulary. The voice had scarcely been heard before the sultan leaped from his gayly-caparisoned white Arab, drew his sword and rushed into the hotel. "I intend to kill the person who has insulted me!" he exclaimed. "It shall never be said that anyone who used that word to me has been suffered to live."

He was somewhat dismayed, however, to find that his insulter was only my landlord's parrot, which had evidently been keeping rather bad company, if one may judge by the character of its language. I thought the sultan would now have the good sense to withdraw and say no more about the incident, but, unfortunately, he noticed some Greeks and Italians making merry at his expense, and he reflected that he had gone too far to give up the idea of vindicating his dignity, so he declared he did not care who or what was the culprit, and the parrot must die. He was for tearing it out of its cage and beheading it with his sword, but the landlord, who is a very good fellow and possessed of plenty of tact, pleaded in flowery oriental language for compassion, urging that a great sovereign could not condescend to an altercation with a poor bird which was ignorant of the meaning of its words. He implored the sutan to accept the apologies of the bird's master, and in the end, after a great deal of difficulty, the matter was settled, and the sultan returned to his horse. But he was scarcely out of hearing before the penetrating cry resounded once more: "Abaos! Abaos! Abaos!"

Obstacles.

"Now, my dear, marry him. He is old, it is true, but he has money."

"But, mamma, the man may live for months!"—Life.

My work in the studio often suggests to me illustrations of life, one of which may be of interest.

The Enduring Cast

By LORADO TAFT,
Noted American Sculptor.

For instance, in modeling a portrait, we scoop the clay from the big clay box, clap it into a support, shape rudely the form of an egg, and upon its surface proceed to locate the features of the face. The eyes are gouged in and the ears stuck on. The work is gradually advanced by dint of much looking and much comparing. We measure and mold, scrutinize and scrape, put on and take off, fairly caress it into life—compel it to exist. When the work is complete we take a plaster cast of it, that is, throw plaster of paris all over the face and shoulders, taking an impression of these forms. The mold becoming hard, is pried off from the clay and it seems as though the labor of weeks were completely lost, for the clay is torn to pieces, the features are destroyed and nothing remains but the impression in the mold. The clay goes back into the clay box, to be used over again. What was one day a bust of Washington may the next be used in a head of Lincoln or McKinley. Cleopatra may become Susan B. Anthony.

IS NOT THIS THE STORY OF OUR OWN EXISTENCE? We, too, are gathered from Nature's great clay box, the breath of life is blown into our nostrils, and we play our little part, then fold our hands and are returned to the clay box once more. As Hamlet sings:

"Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

IT SEEMS AS THOUGH ALL WERE LOST, BUT AS WITH THE BUST, THE IMPRESSION REMAINS. All is not lost; the greater part, the essential, endures. If I were a preacher I believe I could write a sermon on this text.

WIDOW IN A HURRY.

She Hustled the Obsequies Along and Got in Line for a Better Man.

"I was stopping for a couple of days with Uncle Rube Oliver among the Cumberland mountains," remarked our southern tramp, according to the Detroit Free Press, "when a boy brought word that a squatter living about a mile away was dead. Uncle Rube and I went over and found the news to be true, although neither wife nor children seemed to appreciate the situation. She said the funeral would be next day, and as no preacher was to be had nearer than eight miles she asked me if I couldn't attend and make a few remarks.

"'I would like to oblige you,' I replied, 'but there must be others who can do better. I should hardly know what to say about the late lamented.'

"'Whose that?' she queried.

"'Why, your husband.'

"'Well, I can tell yo' what to say. He was mighty slack on hard work, and mighty ambitious on the hunt. He was allus expectin' to die, but didn't git around to it till last night. While he didn't go much on religun, he didn't steal co'n. That's about all you can say about Tom.'

"'Yes?'

"'Yo' can say about the children that there is five of 'em, and all need to be whopped a dozen times a day.'

"'Yes'm.'

"'That'll be enough about the children. Then yo' can say that thar's a good cabin and two acres of co'n and three of potatoes and a mewl on this 'ere squat.'

"'Yes'm.'

"'That'll be enough about the squat. Then yo' can turn to me and say that I'm healthy, lovin', hard-workin' and savin', and that the right kind of a critter who comes along will find the right kind of a critter waitin' to walk eight miles and back with him to git married.'

"I made an excuse that I must resume my journey next day, and that Uncle Rube would probably fill the bill, and she shook hands and replied:

"'That's all right, and as yo' jog along yo' might jest mention that Tom Henderson has departed this life, and his widder kin be found day or night at the old stand and prepar'd to replace him with a better.'"

POINTS ABOUT THE BED.

Bedsteads of Iron, White Enameled, Are Cheap and Dainty—Improvements in Clothes.

Too much care cannot be expended in making the bed as comfortable and sleep inducing as possible. In regard to the bed itself, brass or iron beds are superior in every way to the old fashioned beds of wood. Brass beds are the ideal beds, but are, of course, more expensive than the wooden beds, and when painted white are extremely dainty, says the New York Tribune.

Sermons have been preached from time immemorial on the evils and discomforts of feather mattresses and pillows. In spite of this country people still adhere to their feather beds, either on the score of economy or owing to instilled prejudice against "new fangled notions."

There have been decided improvements in sheets and pillow and bolster covers during the last score of years. All sheets are now double width, and pillow and bolster covers of tubular weave, that does away with the seam at the sides and reduces the making of sheets and pillow covers to the mere hemming of the edges. The best sheeting is a coarse cotton or linen of a heavy texture and of an even weave. For bolster and pillow covers get a finer texture, whether of cotton or linen.

Fine bed blankets are to-day so low in price that there is no necessity for making cotton comfortables for pieced quilts. The eiderdown quilt is beyond the reach of any but the wealthy, but the arctic down quilt, which takes its place, is nearly as light and warm a bed covering and decidedly cheap in comparison. The objection to these quilts is the same as the objection to cotton comfortables—they cannot be washed at home, and it costs almost as much to have them renovated as it does to replace them. Down comfortables can be renovated by steam, like a feather pillow, if sent away, but a cotton comfortable can never be satisfactorily washed. Blankets, on the contrary, are not difficult to wash and to dry.

Breathe Through Your Nose.

In all kinds of atmosphere the breath should only be inhaled through the nose. An occasional breath of extra pure air through the mouth may be good; but in cars and in most offices and rooms nose breathing is essential. A second rule is, since so much time is spent in cars and offices and rooms in earning a livlihood, and since these places are overheated and under ventilated,—the heating and ventilation being out of the control of most of us,—we must take in fresh air whenever possible, in order that we may restore the balance. The best times to do this will be early in the morning, when the air is freshest, and late at night, when deep breathing will help us to get sleep. We may breathe correctly while we are waiting in a street, and especially where streets meet. We can soon form an automatic habit of breathing properly on such occasions. —Chambers' Journal.

What Did She Mean?

"Ah, Miss Frankleigh," exclaimed the young man with the noisy tie as he approached the hammock in which the fair one reclined, I see."

"Yes," she answered, briefly.

"Don't you know," continued the addition to the scenery, "that I find my own company an awful bore?"

"What a remarkable coincidence," observed the fair contents of the hammock. "So do I."—Chicago Daily News.

Spinach Salad.

Cook one peck of spinach tender in one cupful of water. Drain and chop very fine. Season to taste, and marinate with a French dressing. Press into a square mold, and set away to get cold. When firm, cut into small squares, place each one on a tender lettuce leaf, garnish with a slice of hard boiled egg, and a spoonful of mayonnaise.—Home Magazine.

FOR LOVERS OF FLOWERS.

How a Vase of Blossoms Can Be Arranged in an Artistic Manner.

One of the errors most frequently made is that too many flowers are put into the receptacle. Crowded flowers in a mass are fatal to artistic effect. Mixtures are also to be avoided. Choose only one or a few kinds of flowers at a time and secure variety by the use of foliage. Trailing plants and creepers are very useful in floral decorations. Grasses are also effective. They give that touch of lightness and relief from an appearance of formality so essential to the desired impression of beauty. The next time you have a bunch of daisies put some light, feathery grasses with them, says the Philadelphia Times.

You can get very artistic effects by combining blossoms of different form and sizes. If you use all full-blown flowers you will have a somewhat heavy effect. By mixing in some buds you will avoid this.

There are now so many different kinds of artistic pottery and glass that a choice of a receptacle for the flowers is not difficult. Simplicity of style is most in keeping with wild flowers, and it is quite possible to carry out pretty schemes with commonplace jars and crockery. Even such ordinary articles as jugs or jars of brown pottery may be turned into account.

Another thing to remember is that long-stemmed flowers require high vases or jars to do them justice. Those of short stature look best in bowls or vessels of breadth rather than height. One should study nature and do as she does. American Beauty roses will look well in a towering receptacle, but violets and pansies are better arranged low. They grow that way. Pansies look pretty in rustic baskets or those oblong straw baskets now being much used. They may be arranged on moss or with ferns.

MYSTERIES OF TIME.

Two Irishmen Who Were Puzzled Over Birthdays Here and Abroad.

The two elderly Irish citizens, out for a Sunday stroll, paused before a jeweller's show window in which were displayed three clocks recording time in various parts of the world, says the New York Tribune.

"'Tis odd," said one. "In some parts of the earth 'tis yesterday, and in other parts 'tis to-marrow—while the United States is the only place in all the world where 'tis to-day."

"'Tis odd."

"'Tis so."

"Now when would be me birthday if I were in Paris?"

"Your birthday is to-day?"

"'Tis."

"And 'tis to-morrow in France, to-day."

"'Tis."

"Thin yez could never have a birthday if y' were over there, because your birthday comes to-day."

"'Tis odd."

"'Tis so."

"No doubt, that's why the population is so raydooced in France; but it has advantages. A man is always as old as he is if he was born over there, but if he lives abroad he is a year younger; on his birthday, countin' he be at home."

"'Tis odd."

"'Tis so."

FEMININE FINERY.

Pretty Fancies That Lend Beauty and Finish to the Season's Costumes.

The latest use for a miniature watch is to have it set in a tiny gold basket of the empire shape and used as the ornament for a wristbag of gray suede.

Nets promise to be revived this season and are destined especially for the woman who wears her hair low, says a fashion authority.

Flower boleros represent the latest idea in floral garniture so much in favor this and last season.

The familiar feather quill has been supplemented by broader quills of kid or suede, some resembling a leaf, the veins being simulated by embroidery in machine stitching.

A new idea is that the summer girl's hat, parasol and petticoat must match as nearly as possible.

The big silk coaching cape is coming in, but it is one of the Viennese novelties. It is a large, long cape, cut so that it does not meet in front. The whole costume is displayed through the floating open front and the neck is caught with ribbons made up in immense choux.

Adirondack Berry Shortcake.

This recipe calls for raspberries, but other fruits can be used. It requires a quart and a pint of berries, one cup of sugar, one quart of sour milk, one quart of flour, two eggs, four tablespoonfuls melted butter; two teaspoonfuls of salt and two tablespoonfuls of soda. In the morning pour the sour milk into the flour and beat thoroughly. Let the mixture stand in a warm place until evening; then dissolve the soda in a tablespoonful of cold water and add to the batter, together with the salt and eggs well beaten. Bake this batter on a griddle like ordinary batter or griddle cakes, having each one the size of a tea plate. Butter the cakes with softened butter as soon as they come from the griddle and spread each with a thin layer of crushed berries. Sprinkle lightly with sugar. There should be three cakes and three layers of berries for each serving, and they should be served hot. —Washington Star.

Not Keeping Up His Record.

Father—Well, what has Tommy been doing to-day?

Mother—He cut off a piece of the cat's tail, broke three windows, blackened the cook's eye, and built a bonfire in the cellar.

"Is that all? Tommy must be improving."—Stray Stories.

Creamed Cabbage.

Cut a medium-sized cabbage as for cold slaw, and season with pepper, salt, two tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one cupful of sweet cream and one-third of a cupful of vinegar. Stir thoroughly and serve.—Housekeeper.

Southern Education

PURSUING DELUSIONS.

Better Educate For the High Station of Private Life Than Pursue the Official One.

There is no more egregious error, says Prof. J. J. Britt, of North Carolina, than for teacher or parent to hold up the ambitious and aspiring youth, as a stimulant to exertion, the probability of his becoming a president or a governor of a state. It is a fact of history and statistics that in this great country of ours only one man out of twenty-nine million can reach the presidency of the United States. When you reflect that it is restricted to native born male citizens who have attained the age of 35 years, aside from the thousand and one other contingencies, the bright youth may see how infinitesimally small are his chances to become president of the United States. He stands less than one chance in five hundred thousand of becoming governor of North Carolina, and an almost equally slim chance of becoming a senator in congress. He stands one chance in seventy-five thousand of becoming a representative in congress, and an infinitely less chance of becoming a foreign minister or the president of a great college. There is another and a grander consideration. The highway of public life is strewn with wrecked fortunes, blighted ambitions, and blasted hopes. Builder it opens the way for temptations to corruption, deceit and malpractice. You must disabuse your minds of the delusion that there is no greatness outside of public life. There is another and grander field for development, and that is in the exalted stations of private life.

PRODUCTIVE EDUCATION.

Gov. Montague of Virginia, Pleads For Manual Training in the Public Schools.

The social, commercial and industrial state of the commonwealth has almost wholly changed in the last thirty-five years, says Gov. Montague of Virginia. These changes have imposed new conditions that must be met with courage, energy and intelligence, or we must fatally lag behind in the march of progress and civilization. Education for speculative thinkers and professions will not save the people. But few of the many who ever enter public schools make their living other than by the use of their hands and eyes. Why not, therefore, educate those faculties and members which produce the substance and comforts of life? Such education is not merely material. Upon labor all civilization primarily rests, and the education of this labor will teach knowing by doing, and blend science with art. It will beget habits of order, accuracy, industry and intelligence; it will produce contentment and develop skill and productive power; it will dignify labor and energize the creative forces of society. These necessities needs can be greatly facilitated, if not accomplished, by some forms of industrial education. Ample experience affords indisputable proof of the practical and ethical value of this form of education, which in some branches may be introduced into many of our public schools with little, if any, additional cost; and in a few years we shall have a system of teaching that will popularize the free schools and powerfully advance the state.

PATHS OF SELF-HELP.

The Work of the Southern and General Education Boards is Not Charity.

In speaking of the work of the Southern and General Education boards, the Chattanooga Times clearly states the case when it says, "It is proposed above all else, to lead the parents and children into the paths of self help. All that leads toward charity will be scrupulously avoided. There will be no pauperizing in the National Education board's work for the improvement of the people's schools. The people who are unable to secure the necessary means of giving their children a sound English training, schooling in the common branches of practical science, will not have the means "given" them without they shall first make a strenuous effort to help themselves. They must do their share, first of all. The plan contemplates no "bounty," no gift, but is to be strictly on cooperative lines. There will be no gifts of "scholarships" or free living for peculiarly bright pupils in this scheme. All will share the benefit of the newly-awakened interest, and the assistance added to the means raised by the patrons. No singling out of pupils, except as their merits and achievements in study make them conspicuous. The spirit of generous rivalry will be encouraged.

In short the plan is at once the most benevolent and safest of its kind that has ever been devised by any association or individual, in this or any other country.

Industrial Education.

Industrial education does not mean "learning a trade" any more than studying arithmetic means learning a trade, says C. E. Vawter. All true industrial schools should include a course in the sciences, both theoretical and practical, that fits one for any industry. The object of industrial training is to teach the art of doing. It trains the eye. It trains the hand. One takes a course in wood turning, not because he ever expects to be a cabinet maker or a carpenter any more than those expect to become practical chemists who take a course in chemistry.

Speaking of the object of education Edward Inglewell says in the Manufacturers' Record that it is "the proper equipment of the products of the schools (the children) to perform their full duty to their God, their country and themselves."